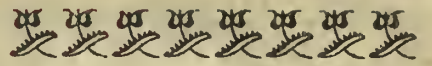
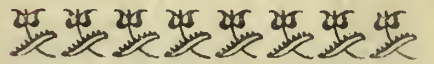


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A LITTLE
GARLAND
OF
CELTIC
VERSE

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A LITTLE GARLAND OF
CELTIC VERSE



*When Summer twilights fall,
And the white rose's truce is over all,
When Winter walls us in, and wild winds blow
Across the crumbling spaces of the snow,
There will be always one or two who hold
Earth's coin of less account than fairy gold ;
Their treasure, not the spoil of crowds and Kings.
But the dim beauty at the heart of things,
They find more magical than any saith
The old, old masque of Love, of Life, and Death.*

L. M. LITTLE.

A LITTLE GARLAND OF
CELTIC VERSE



PORTLAND MAINE
THOMAS B MOSHER
MDCCCXVI

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A LITTLE GARLAND OF
CELTIC VERSE



*Lovely and loved, O passionate land!
Dear Celtic land, unconquered still!
Thy mountain strength prevails:
Thy winds have all their will.*

*They have no care for meaner things;
They have no scorn for brooding dreams:
A spirit in them sings,
A light about them beams.*

LIONEL JOHNSON.



DEIRDRE'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH

From the Irish



HE lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone — alone —
Dig the grave both wide and
deep,
For I am sick, and fain would
sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone — alone —
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping —
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright ;
Many a day the three before me
On their linkèd bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore ;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet ;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow ;
Never again, by stream or plain,
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions, ye were ever —
Harsh to me, your sister, never ;
Woods and wilds, and misty valleys,
Were with you as good 's a palace.

O, to hear my true-love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing ;
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

O! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo now, sleep, morn and even —
Lark alone enchant the heaven!
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain —
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain —
Heron, in the free air warm ye —
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay no more you are,
Rulers of the ridge of war;
Never more 't will be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall! —
Tenfold woe and black dishonour
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep!
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Sir Samuel Ferguson.

THE MADNESS OF KING GOLL

I SAT on cushioned otter skin :

My word was law from Ith to Emen,
And shook at Invar Amargin

The hearts of the world-troubling seamen,
And drove tumult and war away

From girl and boy and man and beast ;

The fields grew fatter day by day,

The wild fowl of the air increased ;

And every ancient Ollave said,

While he bent down his fading head,

'He drives away the Northern cold.'

*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round
me, the beech leaves old.*

I sat and mused and drank sweet wine ;

A herdsman came from inland valleys,

Crying, the pirates drove his swine

To fill their dark-beaked hollow galleys.

I called my battle-breaking men,

And my loud brazen battle-cars

From rolling vale and rivery glen ;

And under the blinking of the stars

Fell on the pirates by the deep,

And hurled them in the gulph of sleep :

These hands won many a torque of gold.

*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round
me, the beech leaves old.*

But slowly, as I shouting slew
And trampled in the bubbling mire,
In my most secret spirit grew
A whirling and a wandering fire :
I stood : keen stars above me shone,
Around me shone keen eyes of men :
I laughed aloud and hurried on
By rocky shore and rushy fen ;
I laughed because birds fluttered by,
And starlight gleamed, and clouds flew high,
And rushes waved and waters rolled.
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round
me, the beech leaves old.*

And now I wander in the woods
When summer gluts the golden bees,
Or in autumnal solitudes
Arise the leopard-coloured trees ;
Or when along the wintry strands
The cormorants shiver on their rocks ;
I wander on, and wave my hands,
And sing, and shake my heavy locks.
The grey wolf knows me ; by one ear
I lead along the woodland deer ;
The hares run by me growing bold.
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round
me, the beech leaves old.*

I came upon a little town,
That slumbered in the harvest moon,
And passed a-tiptoe up and down,
Murmuring, to a fitful tune,
How I have followed, night and day,
A tramping of tremendous feet,
And saw where this old tympan lay,
Deserted on a doorway seat,
And bore it to the woods with me ;
Of some unhuman misery
Our married voices wildly trolled.
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round
me, the beech leaves old.*

I sang how, when day's toil is done,
Orchil shakes out her long dark hair
That hides away the dying sun
And sheds faint odours through the air :
When my hand passed from wire to wire
It quenched, with sound like falling dew,
The whirling and the wandering fire ;
But lift a mournful ulalu,
For the kind wires are torn and still,
And I must wander wood and hill
Through summer's heat and winter's cold.
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round
me, the beech leaves old.*

W. B. Yeats.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made ;

Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for
the honey bee,

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to
where the cricket sings ;

There midnight 's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and
day

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds
by the shore ;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-
ments grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats.

AEDH TELLS OF THE ROSE IN HIS
HEART

ALL things uncomely and broken, all things
worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of
a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing
the wintry mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose
in the deeps of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too
great to be told ;
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green
knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water,
remade, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a
rose in the deeps of my heart.

W. B. Yeats.

INTO THE TWILIGHT

OUT-WORN heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and
right ;

Laugh heart again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Erie is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight grey ;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill :
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will ;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight ;
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

W. B. Yeats.

A FAERY SONG

*Sung by the people of faery over Diarmiud and Grania,
who lay in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech*

WE who are old, old and gay,
 O so old !
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told :

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Silence and love ;
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
 And the stars above :

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Rest far from men.
Is anything better, anything better ?
 Tell us it then :

Us who are old, old and gay :
 O so old !
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told.

W. B. Yeats.

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS¹

DOWN by the salley gardens my love and
I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-
white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow
on the tree;
But I, young and foolish, with her would not
agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-
white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on
the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full
of tears.

W. B. Yeats.

¹ *Down by the Salley Gardens.*—An extension of three lines sung to me by an old woman at Ballisodare.

TO THE ROSE UPON THE ROOD
OF TIME

RED Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my
days!

Come near me, while I sing the ancient ways :
Cuhoollin battling with the bitter tide ;
The Druid, grey, wood-nurtured, quiet-eyed,
Who cast round Fergus dreams, and ruin untold ;
And thine own sadness, whereof stars, grown old
In dancing silver sandalled on the sea,
Sing in their high and lonely melody.
Come near, that no more blinded by man's fate,
I find under the boughs of love and hate,
In all poor foolish things that live a day,
Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

Come near, come near, come near — Ah, leave
me still

A little space for the rose-breath to fill !
Lest I no more hear common things that crave ;
The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,
The field mouse running by me in the grass,
And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass ;
But seek alone to hear the strange things said
By God to the bright hearts of those long dead,

And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know.
Come near ; I would, before my time to go,
Sing of old Eire and the ancient ways :
Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days.

W. B. Yeats.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

To E. Nesbit

LAST night, last night, in the dark o' the
moon

Into my dreams slid a faery tune . . .
It slew the dreams that I dreamed of him,
With its moonshine music, faint and dim.
What tune should the fairy pipers play
But "Over the Hills and Far Away?"

The music called to my idle feet,
And O! the music was wild and sweet:
I left my dreams and my lonely bed,
And followed afar where the music led —
And never a tune did the pipers play
But "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Over the hills and far away,
What love has tenderer words to say?
Love that lifteth or bows the head,
Love that liveth or love that's dead?
Hills that are far away are fair,
And I followed the ghost of my lover there.

We danced all night in a silent band,
I and my lover, hand in hand:

We danced, nor knew till the dew was dry
That deep slept Donat and lone slept I —
We took no thought of the coming day
Over the hills and far away.

My eyes are blind with the growing light,
And O my grief! that the day was night —
For my heart is broke, for my lover's eyes,
And all day long in my ears there cries
The tune of the fairy pipes that play
“Over the Hills and Far Away.”

Nora Chesson.

MAY EVE

THERE'S a crying at my window, and a
hand upon my door,
And a stir among the yarrow that's fading on
the floor :

The voice cries at my window, the hand at my
door beats on,
But if I heed and answer them, sure, hand and
voice are gone.

You would not heed my calling once, and now
why would I hear ?

You would not hold my wistful hand, but let
it fall, my dear :

You would not give me word or look, but went
your silent way,

Oh, wirrasthrue, dumb mouth of you that had
so much to say.

Be still, my dear : I heed, I hear, but cannot
help you now,

The rose is dead that was so red, and snow's
upon her bough.

Be still, be still a little while, for I shall surely
come

And kiss the sorrow from your eyes, and from
your kind lips dumb.

Be patient now, avourneen! you may not lift
the latch :

Go hence : the wind is bitter cold that whistles
through the thatch.

The wind is cold, and I am old, but you 're
young and fair to see,

And my heart turns to you night and day, my
fair love leaving me!

Nora Chesson.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

W*HERE are you going
O muirnean, muirnean?*

Beyond all snowing,
Beyond all reach
Of tenderest speech,
Or waves that break
Upon any beach ;
Or wind's rough blowing
On linn or lake —
It's there is going
Your muirnean O.

*Where are you going,
O muirnean, muirnean?
Love is not knowing
Why you fell weary,
Why you found dreary
The way all feet in the world are going.
Stay with us, dearie —
Ah, muirnean, O!*

I must be going ;
Though you stand nearest
Of all, and dearest,
You cannot keep me, for I must go.
Though my heart's breaking
That I'm forsaking

The faces kent and the ways I know :
I'll not be staying
For all your praying,
For all the gifts in kind Love's bestowing.
I must not stay though you hold me so,
Ah no, no, no !

My bird 's the raven ;
The doves no more
Will I be heeding,
Will I be feeding
Here at my door,
Crooning together
As once of old.
My bed 's the heather,
My bed is green,
And it is not cold.
To the quiet haven
My boat is going,
Where no wind 's blowing
Or storm has been.
The Ninth Wave 's creeping
About my feet :
Let me go, Sweet —
I'm to my sleeping
And fain to go.
O muirnean, muirnean,
My muirnean O !

Nora Chesson.

THREE SONGS FROM MUIRGEIS:
AN IRISH PLAY

I

THE heart that's set upon a rose
Must break when summer goes ;
All flowers must as pilgrims fare
When winter's trumpet blows.
September sees the rose-tree bare,
And no October knows
What roses are, what roses were —
My love is not a rose !
My love shall be a splendid star
That shines apart, afar.
Time cannot dim her lovely light,
Nor winds on it make war ;
The wide-eyed day, the dreamful night
Behold no envy mar
One rose of light that burns up blight
As fuel for a star.

II

I CALL thee from the changing land
To the unchanging sea ;
I bring a bride-gift in my hand
Of immortality.
The land is fair, but fairer far
The pastures of the sea.
Canst thou reach down the lowest star ?
My sea-fires gleam for thee.
All rivers run unto one end
And perish in the sea ;
Turn thou from lover and from friend,
And give thine heart to me.
Thy love shall suffer change and dearth,
Thy friend the years estrange ;
There is no faithfulness on earth —
The sea will never change.

III

MY heart is heavy night and day, my fair
love leaving me,
That from my path you turned away to dwell
among the Shee,
Where none grows old and none grows cold
for hope or memory ;
I am most sad while you are glad, my fair love
leaving me.
Now every day and all night long I wear the
bitter rue
And hear a wayward faery song when I would
dream of you.
In all men's ears my tale is told, my grief's for
all to see,
Sad for your sake I sleep and wake, my fair
love leaving me.
You come not even to my dreams between the
night and day.
And have you drunk of faery streams that
washed your love away,
O heart of gold, and left you cold as water and
as free?
Ah ! wirrasthru, my heart's with you, my fair
love leaving me.

Nora Chesson.

THE WAVES OF BREFFNY

THE grand road from the mountain goes
shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and
cart ;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far
to me
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling
through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting
o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind ;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange
and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my
mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storm-
ing on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring
shoal ;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched
my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling
through my soul.

Eva Gore-Booth.

INISHAIL

I WILL go, and leave the streetways,
And the world's wild, dinsome places,
With the hurrying, weary footways,
And the folks of frenzied faces ;
I will go through darkened spaces,
Morning glad, or starlight pale,
Through the rivers and the passes,
Till I find, among the grasses,
Long sweet sleep among the grasses
Of the graves of Inishail.

Ah, ye daunt me, with your wonder,
And your toils about you lying,
O ye cities, with your thunder,
And your children in you, dying,
And I weary, ever sighing,
For the whisper of the West,
Where the glow and glamour meeting,
And the waves on long shores beating,
Are but echoes of the beating
Of the life's blood in my breast.

I will plait a roof of rashes
For the low place of my sleeping,
Where the wistful water splashes,

Crooning, croodling, laughing, weeping,
And the winds from Cruachan sweeping
Join their gladness and their wail ;
Till the angels' glory blinds me,
And the long sleep comes and finds me,
In the tangled grasses finds me,
By the graves in Inishail.

Anonymous.

“WHERE YOU BUY JOY FOR A
PENNY”

YOU may buy joy for a penny yonder in
Tir na n'Og.

If you were King of Ireland or but a barefoot
rogue

Your chances would be equal, for, och, the
roads are many,

But they lead to one fair country where they
sell joy for a penny.

The king has got a goodly queen, and many a
loyal vassal,

And the blessings of the poor are the keepers
of his castle ;

But his queen's hands cannot hold him, his
queen's heart cannot keep :

For voices out of Tir na n'Og have called
across his sleep.

“ Let down, let down the drawbridge, bring in
my horse from grass,

Let others loiter through their lives, and watch
the shadows pass,

Longer and ever longer ; at noon I must away,
When shadows are at shortest, and time takes
holiday.

The king has ridden westward, the way the
bright sun goes,
And the beggar by the roadside the selfsame
calling knows ;
The girl that begs beside him, and makes her
arm his pillow,
He leaves her with a light farewell, and she
may wear the willow.

Now he that rides and wears a crown, and he
that tramps his way
Together find the selfsame goal at dropping of
the day ;
Though one has climbed the Golden Spears,
one gone by lowlands fenny,
Both come at last to Tir na n'Og, where you
may buy joy for a penny.

Anonymous.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

THERE'S music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields are far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the uplands drenched with dew,
The sky hangs soft and pearly,
An emerald world is listening to
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Oh, still through summers and through springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

“BEAUTY’S A FLOWER”

YOUTH’S *for an hour,*
Beauty’s *a flower,*
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

Youth’s for an hour, an’ the taste o’ life is sweet,
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet;
In all my days I never seen the one as fair as
she,
I’d have lost my life for Ailes, an’ she never
cared for me.

Beauty’s a flower, an’ the days o’ life are long,
There’ little knowin’ who may live to sing
another song;
For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An’ Mary—God be good to her!—is all I love
in life.

Youth’s for an hour,
Beauty’s a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

Moira O’Neill.

SEA WRACK

THE wrack was dark an' shiny where it
floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only
him an' me ;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were
afloat.

The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the
sun,
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from
Cushendun?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the
deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.

The dry wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.

There' a fire low upon the rocks to burn the
wrack to kelp,
There' a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an'
sorra one to help!

Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack
no more.

The dark wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.

Maira O'Neill.

CORRYMEELA

OVER here in England I 'm helpin' wi' the
hay,

An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day ;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the
wheat!

Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There' a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the
heavy trees,

This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin'
o' the bees ;

I wisht I 'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin'
through the heat

Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that 's in England is richer nor the
Jews,

There' not the smallest young gossoon but
thravels in his shoes!

I 'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a
barefut child,

Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here 's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full
o' care,

By the luck o' love! I 'd still go light for all
I did go bare.

“God save ye, *colleen dhas*,” I said: the girl
she thought me wild.

Far Corrymeela, an’ the low south wind.

D’ ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal
hard to raise,

The girls are heavy goin’ here, the boys are
ill to plase;

When one’st I ’m out this workin’ hive, ’t is I ’ll
be back again —

Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o’ smoke from one ould roof before
an English town!

For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I ’d give
a silver crown,

For a curl o’ hair like Mollie’s ye’ll ask the like
in vain,

Sweet Corrymeela, an’ the same soft rain.

Moira O’Neill.

A BROKEN SONG

‘**W**HERE am I from?’ From the green
hills of Erin.

‘Have I no song then?’ My songs are all sung.

‘What o’ my love?’ ’T is alone I am farin’.

Old grows my heart, an’ my voice yet is young.

‘If she was tall?’ Like a king’s own daughter.

‘If she was fair?’ Like a mornin’ o’ May.

When she ’d come laughin’ ’t was the runnin’
wather,

When she ’d come blushin’ ’t was the break o’
day.

‘Where did she dwell?’ Where one’st I had
my dwellin’.

‘Who loved her best?’ There’ no one now will
know.

‘Where is she gone?’ Och, why would I be
tellin’!

Where she is gone there I can never go.

Maira O’Neill.

“ I HAVE BEEN TO HY-BRASAIL ”¹

I HAVE been to Hy-Brasail,
And the Land of Youth have seen,
Much laughter have I heard there,
And birds amongst the green.

Many have I met there,
But no one ever old,
Yet I have left Hy-Brasail
Before my time was told.

Love have I known, too,
As I shall meet no more ;
Lost is the magic island,
And I cannot find the shore.

Since I have left Hy-Brasail,
Age has encompassed me,
She plucks me by the shoulder
And will not let me be.

Her face is grey and mournful,
Her hand is hard and cold,
Yet I have left Hy-Brasail
Before my time was told.

Dora Sigerson.

¹ One of the Enchanted Isles, sometimes seen in the western seas from the shores of Ireland.

IN TIR-NA'N-OG

In Tir-na'n-Og,

In Tir-na'n-Og,

Summer and spring go hand in hand, and in
the radiant weather

Brown autumn leaves and winter snow come
floating down together.

In Tir-na'n-Og,

In Tir-na'n-Og,

The sagans sway this way and that, the twisted
fern uncloses,

The quicken-berry hides its red above the
tender roses.

In Tir-na'n-Og,

In Tir-na'n-Og,

The blackbird lilt, the robin chirps, the linnet
wearies never,

They pipe to dancing feet of *Sidhe* and thus
shall pipe for ever.

In Tir-na'n-Og,

In Tir-na'n-Og,

All in a drift of apple-blooms my true love there
is roaming,

He will not come although I pray from dawn-
ing until gloaming.

In Tír-na'n-Og,

In Tír-na'n-Og,

The *Sidhe* desired my Heart's Delight, they
lured him from my keeping,
He stepped within a fairy ring while all the
world was sleeping.

In Tír-na'n-Og,

In Tír-na'n-Og,

He hath forgotten hill and glen where misty
shadows gather,
The bleating of the mountain sheep, the cabin
of his father.

In Tír-na'n-Og,

In Tír-na'n-Og,

He wanders in a happy dream thro' scented
golden hours,
He flutes, to woo a fairy love, knee deep in
fairy flowers :

In Tír-na'n-Og,

In Tír-na'n-Og,

No memory hath he of my face, no sorrow for
my sorrow,
My flax is spun, my wheel is hushed, and so I
wait the morrow.

Anna MacManus,
(“ETHNA CARBERY.”)

TO MORFYDD

A VOICE on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:
*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!*

Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies:
*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!*

Cold, cold, grow the winds,
And wild grow the waters,
Where the sun dies:
*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!*

And down the night winds,
And down the night waters,
The music flies:
*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Cold be the winds,
And wild be the waters,
So mine be your eyes!*

Lionel Johnson.

EPILOGUE

WELL—when all is said and done
Best within my narrow way—
May some angel of the sun
Muse memorial o'er my clay:

“Here was Beauty all betrayed
From the freedom of her state;
From her human uses stayed
On an idle rhyme to wait.

“Ah, what deep despair might move
If the beauty lit a smile;
Or the heart was warm with love
That was pondering the while.

“He has built his monument
With the winds of time at strife,
Who could have before he went
Written on the Book of Life.

“To the stars from which he came
Empty-handed he goes home.
He who might have wrought in flame
Only traced upon the foam.”

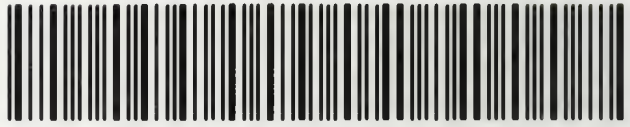
“A. E.”



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